

GREAT FARM BARGAIN---

We have for sale one of the very best farms in Christian county, at \$100 per acre.

It is the McCarty farm, known for 15 years as the Lee Watkins farm, and the Keeney farm adjoining, two miles east of Gracey and 7 miles west of Hopkinsville.

They contain 740 acres, and the tract is well improved, well watered, with plenty of timber and in a fine state of cultivation.

It lies on the Cadiz pike and near both the I. C. and L. & N. railroads.

The way farm lands are selling in Christian county, the price of \$100 per acre is a real bargain. Call on either E. C. Radford or J. C. Johnson.

Radford & Johnson

Hopkinsville, Kentucky

ROMANCE OF DAUGHTER OF ZACHARY TAYLOR

Became Bride of Jefferson Davis in Elopement—Father Never Forgave Her.

(Kansas City Star)

One of the strangest of the great American romances—and one about which no two accounts ever seem to agree—was that of Jefferson Davis and Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of Zachary Taylor. They eloped and were married against the bitter opposition of old Rough and Ready, that much is certain, but where they were married always has been an uncertain point.

Today, if one goes to the ruins of old Fort Crawford near Prairie du Chien, Wis., folks will point out the spot where young Lieutenant Davis courted pretty Sarah Taylor and they will relate that the pair were married not far from the fort. At the Taylor homestead near Louisville those who assert they know the story of the romance can show the little spring beside whose rippling waters the young people walked and talked in their courting days. And the story is told that the two were married at the old Taylor home.

Down at Ft. Gibson, near the Oklahoma-Arkansas line, can be encountered still another story of the elopement and the window down which Sarah Taylor is said to have descended into the arms of her wait-

ing lover is pointed to as irrefutable argument in favor of the Ft. Gibson version. Still another tale heard in the southwest is that the elopement occurred near Ft. Smith, Ark., where Col. Taylor and Lieut. Davis also were stationed at one time and that the couple were married there.

A fifth story is that the two went secretly to St. Louis on a river steamer, after eloping from Ft. Crawford, were married against the bitter opposition of Mrs. William Christy, friends of the Taylor family. The old Christy mansion was long ago one of the landmarks of St. Louis.

Davis a Handsome Youth
Davis, then a young West Point graduate, and Miss Taylor met when Colonel Taylor and Davis were both assigned to the small force that was protecting the long northwest frontier. Taylor and Davis were conspicuous in subduing Blackhawk and in putting down the several Indian uprisings that occurred in the early 30s. It was in 1833 that the attachment between Davis and Sarah Taylor sprang up. Davis was twenty-five years old, a tall, slender man, with a rather lean handsome face and large gray-blue eyes. He was as straight as an Indian, and he had all the graces of a Southern gentleman combined with the military bearing of the young West Pointer.

Sarah Knox Taylor is described as a very comely girl, several years Davis' junior. She was greatly in love with the young officer, but when the subject of marriage was discussed with her father the old colonel furiously refused his consent.

The exact reason why Taylor did not look with favor upon Davis' suit

never has been divulged. By some it was said to have been due to the fact that he did not wish his daughter to marry an army officer; others have suggested that it was because of a difference in opinion between Taylor and his subordinate arising out of a court-martial, upon which both sat. Old Rough and Ready was a man of strong likes and dislikes. He never forgave an enemy and an antagonism once acquired was never eradicated from his mind. He sternly forbade his daughter to have anything to do with Davis.

It is likely that Col. Taylor was responsible for Davis being sent to Ft. Gibson, then a remote post, little favored by army men. Davis did not find it at all congenial and resigned from the army in 1835.

Taylor's Sister Aided Them.
In 1835 that history records the marriage of Davis and Miss Taylor. But history is vague on the matter of where the marriage occurred. Certain it is that Col. Taylor's sister aided the young pair, despite the inevitable anger of her father. The Kentucky version is that they were married at the home of the sister, who was then residing on the Taylor homestead.

The young bride died a few months after the marriage. Both she and her husband fell ill at the same time and neither could be informed of the other's condition. It is said that Mrs. Davis died without her father's forgiveness.

Taylor, too, never quite forgave Jefferson Davis, though his enmity toward the future president of the country was ameliorated somewhat by the latter's gallantry at the battle of Buena Vista. Davis was again a subordinate under Taylor, then a general, in the Mexican war campaign. By not a few historians Davis' Mississippi rifleman are given the credit for saving the day at Buena Vista when Santa Ana's seemingly overwhelming forces attacked the little American army. In his reports upon this battle Taylor paid tribute to the gallantry of Davis in the following words:

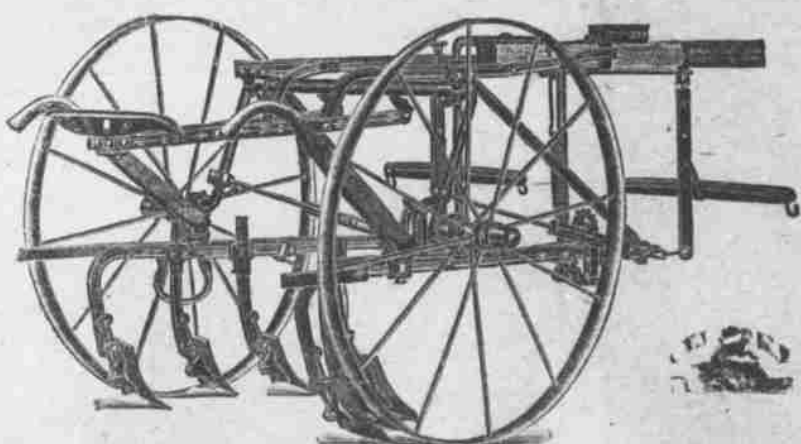
"The Mississippi rifleman, under the command of Col. Davis, were highly conspicuous for gallantry and steadiness and sustained throughout the engagement the reputation of veteran troops. Brought into action against an immensely superior force they maintained themselves for a long time unsupported, and with heavy loss held an important part of the field until reinforced. Colonel Davis, though severely wounded, remained in the saddle until the close of the action. His distinguished coolness and gallantry, and the heavy loss of his regiment on that day, entitle him to the particular notice of the government."

But General Taylor never regarded Davis as a friend and in the presidential campaign in which Taylor was elected chief executive Davis supported his former commander's opponent. However, he came out boldly in the old soldier's defense when an over zealous democrat once attacked Taylor's character.

Grecian Building Materials.

Brick is the most common kind of building material in Saloniki and in all New Greece. Wooden structures are, on account of the shortage of timber. Stone is little used, except for underground walls and foundations. Ordinary walls are built with both plain and hollow bricks. The former, being more solid, are generally used for the building of lower stories, while hollow bricks are commonly employed in the upper stages. The principal kind of roofing used is made of flat tiling.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA



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FARM EQUIPMENT STORE

AN AIR ROMANCE

By CAROL GAY.

The little brown cottage had four occupants, a stout and comely matron whom the neighbors called Mother M— and her three daughters, Esther, Elspeth and Jenn. They were, one and all, tall and most divinely fair. There was the straight, virile beauty in the wilds, clear-eyed and goddess-like. And they were one and all deliciously youthful. In fact Esther was twenty-one, Elspeth twenty, and Jean seventeen, thick braids still down her back.

Esther was the tallest and the most beautiful. Elspeth was slim and always clad in black, in memory of a lover, war-killed, with tender gray eyes, overflowing always with love and kindness; wide, smiling red lips; poor girl, she had taught those lips to smile again, with steady, patient resolution, and a coronet of glossy chestnut braids.

And Jean! Jean, her starry eyes forever aglow, was the brightest ray of Mother M—'s halo.

Each Sunday eve as Esther departed after her week-end visit, stiff and starched, with a full valise, Jean would gaze at her with wistfulness and whisper: "Oh, you are so fortunate, Essie."

It was on Monday, Jean would never forget that epoch-making date! It was stormy and Esther had concluded not to set forth until Tuesday. Old Widow W— was ill of lumbago, with not a soul to care for her.

"Prepare a basket, and we will go to her at once. No help indeed! 'Twas Widow W— made my wedding gown. I'll pay her in full for all her kindness," declared the kindly Mother M—, as she tied on her bonnet.

And Jean, eager for the trip, obeyed with alacrity.

The widow made comfortable, and her mother securely installed in the humble abode, Jean resumed her ulster and catching up her empty basket sped toward home.

Not a hundred feet from the widow's cottage, Jean, peering through the thick fog, discerned an unfamiliar object on the ground. She drew nearer. An enormous eagle? No, an airplane! Jean observed it fascinatedly. It was poised on one wing. The rest was shattered. Then Jean stepped back in wide-eyed horror. A still, straight form beneath!

The man was not dead, no! "But he was badly injured," said Doctor B— as he bent over the boyish white face on the pillow. "Lucky that the girl happened along and called you, mother, else the lad might have died."

Jean, encouraged by his manner, asked in a small, frightened voice, if the patient could be moved to her own home; explaining that there was scarce room for the widow and her attendant, much less for the aviator and Jean, in the small cottage.

"We will see, we will see. Perhaps when he is better," smiled the doctor, and that ended it.

Jean ran home to tell her sisters the news, while Mother M— hovered anxiously between the two patients.

Saturday. The aviator had been ill for nearly a month. Esther arrived today for her weekly visit and John R—, for that was the young man's name, was to be moved to the M— dwelling, there to convalesce.

At last he was sitting there in the shabby old armchair, smiling up at her with his funny, quirky grin.

"A penny for your thoughts, 'little maid,'" he said at last. Jean laughed suddenly, and patted his hand.

"They were of you and Esther, dear eagleman." But his mind was far away as he gazed out of the little window.

Esther came and with her a strange spirit of shattered peace that puzzled and disturbed her youngest sister.

Poor little maiden, running to the sweet shelter of the crowding mists, fighting back the sobs as she spoke to the eerie white shadows that followed her every and anon: "But I love him, I love him! Why? I found him here in the valley. You brought him to me. Do not take him away! I love him!"

That day and the day after Esther was constantly at his side, smiling, talking, attending him, her blue eyes kindled at last.

And Jean, miserable little Jean, lay sobbing in the cheerless loft. But it is given to him who hath. So it was restored to her who had found and cherished. Jean, bidding farewell to her sister Monday morning at the turn of the stone-bordered path, said listlessly: "Sister, how soon will you and the eagleman be married?" Esther stared and laughed. "You mean John? Why, the boy is only twenty-one. You silly little sister! Why do you flush and start so, Jean?"

Jean paused solemnly. "Because Love and Adventure have swooped upon me from the West. Good-by, Essie."

Then she ran into the house. John was sitting disconsolately by the window. He brightened as he heard her soft footstep, and turning saw her eager face.

"Jean, darling!" How naturally it came from his lips. But she looked surprised. He laughed, boyishly, happily.

"Didn't you know? I think the eagle has found his mate. What does she say, Jeanette?"

Jean buried her head in his blanket.

"His mate says—yes," she whispered. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

CONDENSED STATEMENT

First National Bank

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

At the Close of Business on May 12, 1919

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$641,924.57
Overdrafts	1,801.23
United States Bonds	76,000.00
U. S. Liberty Loan Bonds	66,800.00
U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness	148,000.00
Other Stocks and Bonds	54,950.00
Redemption Fund	3,750.00
Real Estate	5,993.47
Banking House and Fixtures	28,000.00
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks	352,000.04
Total	\$1,378,222.31

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$75,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	56,770.42
Unearned Discount	8,290.77
Circulation	75,000.00
Deposits	1,163,161.12
Total	\$1,378,222.31

Correct Attest:

BAILEY RUSSELL, Cashier.

Tracing Use of Lightships.

The first lightship, the Nore, was established in England in 1732, at the mouth of the Thames. The first in this country was stationed in 1820 in Chesapeake bay, off Willoughby Spit, Sandy Hook, now Ambrose, light vessel was established in 1823. A light vessel was placed off Cape Hatteras in 1824 and was driven ashore in 1827, and a ship was not established again in this dangerous position until 1897, after unsuccessful attempts had been made to build a lighthouse on Diamond Shoal.

All Sailors Superstitious.

All sailors are superstitious, but none is so completely under this influence as the old deep-sea fisherman. He puts the deepest faith in "signs" and omens of all kinds. Nothing would induce a skipper of the old school to sail on a Friday. One intrepid unbeliever who dared to leave the docks at Grimsby, England, on a Good Friday was hooted through the lock gates by the scandalized populace. In spite of thus challenging the fates, however, he returned safely with ship and crew.

Historic Island.

Blennerhassett's Island is a small island in the Ohio river about two miles below Parkersburg, W. Va., which figures in history. It gets its name from having been once owned by Hiram Blennerhassett, a wealthy Englishman, who built a fine residence on it. While living there he became financially involved in Aaron Burr's visionary and treacherous schemes, and they proved his ruin.

What He Didn't Like About Helen.
Kenneth's little playmate, Helen, was to have a party. Only girls were to be invited, but Kenneth was unaware of this fact. He longed for an invitation and expected one up to the day of the party. But alas! the invitation didn't come. Downhearted, he said to his mother: "You know, mother, I like Helen awfully well, but I certainly don't like her ways."

Just So.

To be successful a farmer has to be sharp as a razor.—Boston Transcript.



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